

Farewell my Desire

I remember when I first laid my eyes upon you. We were just children back then. Your mother was a maiden serving our family, and you were forced to follow the same fate as your mother did. I remember when you and your mother came to bring us our supper, you tripped and dropped our food. But I didn't care for it, I only cared for you. I got off my seat to help you back up, but my father pushed me away. In an outrage my father started to yell.

"Can't you do anything right you filth, how hard is it to bring bread to the goddamn table"! I wanted to defend you and jump in front of you so my father wouldn't hit you but I was a coward and didn't do a damn thing. I always hated that day. I wish I could have done more for you. I wish I could have saved you from our wretched house.

I didn't know what to do that day. I didn't know why my family treated you so differently. Yet I never confronted them about it. I was scared of losing the approval of my father. Yet I never loved him and I know he didn't love me either. So why did I care about him so much? Why do I care what he does to me? Why? I asked that question to myself almost every day. I always asked myself why am I such a coward to comfort them. What do I care if they know that I couldn't stop thinking about you. You? Why did I have an interest in you? Why did I? I never understood why. Yet I know that anytime we were in the same room my heart would skip a beat, and everytime I look at you I wish time would stop so I can get closer to you. So I can finally be in front of you; so I can finally know every detail of your body. So I can finally feel what your skin feels like. Your skin was beautiful . It reminded me of the night sky shining like the stars that rest in heaven. I would do anything to have just mere seconds with you even if it is just one. My world would be complete if I could have one simple second to at least know your name.

As we grew older my love for you didn't stop. My obsession for you grew stronger almost every day. You grew into a beautiful woman. You were irresistible. It didn't matter what time or what day my eyes would always fall upon you. As if you put a curse on me to look at you and only you. Yet every time I wanted to get close to you, I would be mere inches away from you holding out my hand so I could embrace you within my arms; and every time I would back away from you. Because how can someone like me be in your presence? To be within your beauty. I always believed that you were a goddess trapped in a human body and I wanted to be the one who helps you escape this hell that you were in; someone with your beauty and heart filled with innocence didn't deserve this life that was forced upon you. I remember that one day I finally got close to you. I remember that you brought our supper and I "purposely" dropped my fork when you came right past me. You noticed it and were annoyed by my childish behavior yet you picked it up for me. When you looked up at me when you got off the floor, time didn't seem to exist for me anymore. All I saw was how beautiful your eyes were. My body was infused by this warmth of which your eyes gave me. Those deep hazel eyes shining bright rays of golden suns, shining in this dark accursed world I live in. As you were giving me back my fork I was able to feel your hand. I never thought your hand would be so soft. A small brush of your skin against

mine made my mind go crazy. I couldn't stop thinking about you. I couldn't stop feeling your hand against mine.

As the years passed I kept on loving you in secret. No one even knew about my true feelings, not even my new bride. My father forced this grotesque woman who didn't match your beauty. I don't believe that anyone could outmatch you. In all the years I was alive no one seemed to come close from ever being more beautiful than you. Yet I never hated my wife and I do believe I would've loved her but in a different world where you didn't exist. Who I truly hated was my father. He created this hell for the both of us. A hell that none of us could escape but only through death we could. I never thought about how you felt about me nor how you felt about your life. I only thought about myself and how I wanted to be the one you love. Yet if I ever did love you I should have helped you escape from our house to save you from this hell that my father made. The horrible life you had, the abuse you had to endure would have brought anyone to madness. To run away from here and live a life that was better than what you were given. Your plans to make an escape were ruined. Your idea of leaving in a snowstorm was brilliant. No one would have seen you yet the guards that were posted outside shot you without questioning what they had done. They were ordered to kill anyone who tried to escape from the house, an order given by my father. I saw this happen all through my window. Those bastards left your body to rot there. I came rushing down to see if I was able to save you. But at last there was nothing I could do for you. Your body laying there in the cold snow. Even in death you looked beautiful. The moonlight shining on your deathbed; shining on the snow that sucked up your blood. I didn't do anything to help you escape this hell. I could have done something a long time ago but I didn't. I was a good for nothing coward. That deserves to die as well. My life seems empty without you there. I moved closer to you, and this is all I ever wanted just to be close to you. But not like this. Anything but this. I got your body finally embracing you within my arms. As I hold you in this freezing snow trying to keep us warm. I whisper a vow to you. I make a vow to this maiden who has no name. If this cold brutally snow kills me please let me meet you in another life. Please let my eyes fall upon you once more so you can steal my heart again. Please maiden who has no name, if we do see each other in another life, let me get close to you and this time please let me know your name. Please